

THE POET'S CORNER.

HURRAH FOR THE TEETOTAL MILL.

Two jolly toppers once sat in an inn,
Discussing the merits of Brandy and Gin;
Said one to the other, "I'll tell you what Bill,
I've been hearing, to-day, of the Teetotal Mill.
You must know that this comical mill has been built
Of old broken casks, when the liquor's been split;
You go up some steps, and when at the door-sill,
You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)
That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;
You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"
And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.
There's a wheel in this mill that they call "self-dealers";
They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;
Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill,
You're very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill.

Bill listened and wondered, at length he cried out,
"What, Tom, it is true, what you're telling about,
What feels we must be, to be here sitting still,
Let us go round about at the Teetotal Mill."

They gazed with astonishment;—there came a man,
With excess and disease his visage was wan:
He mounted the steps, signed the pledge with good

And went for a turn in the Teetotal Mill.
His quickly came out the picture of health,
And walked briskly on to the highway to wealth;
And, as onward he pressed, he shouted out still,
"Success to the wheel of the Teetotal Mill."

The next that went in were a man and his wife,
For so long years they'd been living in strife;
He had beat and abused her, and swore he would kill,
But his heart took a turn in the Teetotal Mill,
And when he came out, how altered was he,
Steady, honest, and sober—how happy was she;

They more content, "Now you sha'n't, yes,
will."

They were blessing together the Teetotal Mill.

Next came a fellow, as grim as a Turk,
To curse and to swear seemed his principal work,
He swore that that morning his skin he would filly,
And drunk as he was, he went into the mill,
And what saw there I never could tell,

But his complexion was changed, and his language as well;

I saw, when he turned round the brow of the hill,
That he had turned and thanked God for the Teetotal Mill."

The poor were made rich, the weak were made strong;
The shot was made short, and the purse was made long.

Were shouting, "Hurrah for the Teetotal Mill."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

EXTRACT FROM THE
Rough Notes of a Dragoon Campaign
TO THE FAWNS IN VILLAGE.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. ARMY.

The Fawns bury their dead upon the summits of the bluffs, and for two or three miles above and below that town, the top of each hill is covered with graves. Those who have died recently their suffer no grass to grow over, until two summers have passed away. This custom prevails to a great extent amongst many of the other western tribes, particularly with the Potowatamies and the Foxes. The Indians do this as an evidence that, like the earth that rests on them, so is their memory for the dead, fresh, and uncovered by the springing up of new trees and new afflictions. It is a very simple, yet touching and eloquent custom, and shows more feeling and less stoicism, than many are willing to accord to the poor Indian.

This tribe—being at war with many of its neighbors—had been driven down into the prairie, where it is liable to attack at any moment, from the hordes of Camanches and Sioux, who lead a sort of nomadic life, like the Arabs, and are continually moving from place to place, making war indiscriminately with all whom they may meet, and subsisting entirely upon the buffalo, which they follow from spot to spot;—nor is obliged continually to guard itself from surprise by keeping sentinels posted on the prairie, which would be a task for a thousand men, and double rations of hogs securing particularly, as an appearance, to his office. After this ceremony was through with, (and it did not end in a hurry, Indian after Indian coming up, many no doubt who did not belong to the Staff of the Chief, but who "roped in" for a hug on such an occasion, rest) the Major had to be called at that during the slacking up of each hug, (the force of it not being continuous, but periodical,) and when he could catch a half breath, he naturally put on a look which was rather as if he did not relish this part of the ceremony so well as a man with less imagination and less refinement might have done. But the Major reflected that the Fawns were a man's tribe, and he did not mind that he was to be a half brother to all the Indians who had tyrranized over them, and were reluctant to unite in a common school;—that Catholic priests were usually the teachers of Catholic schools, and that kept Protestants from the establishments. He spoke discouragingly of the prospect of soon educating the great mass of the population.

He hoped we should not have the same difficulty here and that all would enjoy the benefits of the school funds; yet if Catholics continue to immigrate as they have into some parts of our country and claim the disposal of our public schools we may meet with the like trouble which is now experienced in France.

The Fawns generally are not bad treacherous men, and as they advanced in rank and years they seem to improve in appetite and power of doing justice to the good things set before them. The head Chief therefore, was a man few would beat at a table and few could stand up to him. The old man, Sir Dugald, the Dugald, as he is called by Sir Walter Scott in the Legend of Montrose. He made it a rule at every meal to lay prostrate enough to bring his horse which was a mile off to within thirty yards, was the "biggest medicine" they had seen yet. It was one spot over them—that was to a certainty.

The commanding officer invited Charchorash up with him this evening. All his suite had gone except five, and the old Sachem said he would be happy to do so provided they might be permitted to partake of the meal also.

The Major objected to such an arrangement, as Cleggett (his servant) had not made the necessary arrangements for that number of guests.

This was all carried on by signs. The old Chief had eaten something whether he eat or not he did not know; but at last his appetite got the best of the boy, and he began to eat, and after eating he missed his knife, both his spurs, and sundry other articles, which he strongly suspected were keeping company with the tobacco.

If old Fagin, the Jew, had got a Fawne boy

in son of Oliver Twist, he never would have done it.

These miracles puzzled both Thomas and Bill,

At length they went in for a turn in the mill.

A little time after, I heard a great shout,

I turned round to see what the noise was about;

A flag was conveyed to the top of a hill,

And a crowd, amongst which were both Thomas and Bill.

Were shouting, "Hurrah for the Teetotal Mill."

THE POET'S CORNER.

HURRAH FOR THE TEETOTAL MILL.

Two jolly toppers once sat in an inn,

Discussing the merits of Brandy and Gin;

Said one to the other, "I'll tell you what Bill,

I've been hearing, to-day, of the Teetotal Mill.

You must know that this comical mill has been built

Of old broken casks, when the liquor's been split;

You go up some steps, and when at the door-sill,

You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)

That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;

You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"

And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

There's a wheel in this mill that they call "self-dealers";

They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;

Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill,

You're very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill.

You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)

That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;

You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"

And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

Two jolly toppers once sat in an inn,

Discussing the merits of Brandy and Gin;

Said one to the other, "I'll tell you what Bill,

I've been hearing, to-day, of the Teetotal Mill.

You must know that this comical mill has been built

Of old broken casks, when the liquor's been split;

You go up some steps, and when at the door-sill,

You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)

That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;

You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"

And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

There's a wheel in this mill that they call "self-dealers";

They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;

Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill,

You're very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill.

You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)

That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;

You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"

And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

Two jolly toppers once sat in an inn,

Discussing the merits of Brandy and Gin;

Said one to the other, "I'll tell you what Bill,

I've been hearing, to-day, of the Teetotal Mill.

You must know that this comical mill has been built

Of old broken casks, when the liquor's been split;

You go up some steps, and when at the door-sill,

You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)

That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;

You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"

And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

There's a wheel in this mill that they call "self-dealers";

They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;

Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill,

You're very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill.

You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)

That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;

You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"

And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

Two jolly toppers once sat in an inn,

Discussing the merits of Brandy and Gin;

Said one to the other, "I'll tell you what Bill,

I've been hearing, to-day, of the Teetotal Mill.

You must know that this comical mill has been built

Of old broken casks, when the liquor's been split;

You go up some steps, and when at the door-sill,

You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)

That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;

You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"

And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

There's a wheel in this mill that they call "self-dealers";

They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;

Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill,

You're very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill.

You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)

That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;

You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"

And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

There's a wheel in this mill that they call "self-dealers";

They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;

Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill,

You're very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill.

You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)

That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;

You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"

And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

There's a wheel in this mill that they call "self-dealers";

They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;

Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill,

You're very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill.

You're a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.

You promise, by signing this paper, (I think,)

That ale, wine, and spirits you never will drink;

You give up (as they call it,) such "rascally swill,"

And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.

There's a wheel in this mill that they call "self-dealers";

They turn it a bit just to give you a trial;

Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill,

You're very soon cured at the Teetotal Mill.

You're a paper